

Star Trek - Timelines

"Cat Scratch Fever"

written by

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CAST

Ted Bundy  
Jimmy Kirk  
Tammy Malone  
Jessica  
Dr. McKinney  
Courtney Malone  
Commander Malone  
Boran  
Klingon Commander  
Klingon Warrior

STAR TREK TIMELINES

TEASER

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ted slams the SQUEAKY door of his old Willys and plods to a back door.

He glances at the poorly hand drawn copy of the big Furburger's sign in front.

He opens the door and sloshes in.

INT. FURBURGER'S BAR

He emerges from a narrow old hallway into a dark, empty, lifeless bar.

Ted sits down at the dark, empty bar, notices the

BARTENDER

the same young brunette with a skimpy top and a serious focus to her face. She saunters over, seems to look right through him, turns to the bottles, pulls a Barbencourt Rhum from the shelf and pours a shot for him.

TED

You're good. How'd you know I was gonna order this?

She turns on the T.V. to the news and increases the volume.

BARTENDER

My name is Jessica. I'll be your caretaker while you're here.

TED

Have we met.

BARTENDER

I've, serviced you before.

TED

Can't say I've ever had a bartender tell me that before.

JESSICA

Drink up.

He downs it obediently.

TED

You got a good influence on me.

She pours him another.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

That what he says to all my  
bartenders he sleeps with.

BANNER is a tall, older ex jock, still ruggedly good looking for a guy getting on in pounds but not as dashing as all the pictures around the bar of his younger ball playing years indicate.

TED

Banner, you really know how to hire  
a barmaid.

BANNER

Stow it.

(to Jessica)

Now, what was your next line to  
him.

TED

This is how he treats his  
customers.

JESSICA

(thoughtfully)

This is on me.

BANNER

(to Ted)

And your line is...

TED

We can actually make that happen.

BANNER

My job is done here. Ted, don't do  
my bartender, again.

(to Jessica)

If you're thinking about it, don't  
let him do you. He has diseases.

TED

Only mental. Thanks Banner.  
Remind me to never employ you as my  
wingman.

BANNER

Never offered.

Banner gets up, downs Ted's shot, and pats him on the back.

BANNER (CONT'D)

(to Jessica)

And no tab for this dude. Cash up front.

He turns and walks.

TED

(to Banner)

Your wife's tramp stamp is awesome, dude, but it kept movin' so much it was kind'a hard to read.

BANNER (O.S.)

Ha, she doesn't have one.

TED

(to Jessica)

It's an eagle with the caption "DO ME TED".

JESSICA

You're bad.

TED

I didn't bang her, though, I would in a heartbeat if she wasn't married to the guy who owns the only strip joint in town. So what about you? Got any unusual talent I might be interested in?

She pours him another rum.

JESSICA

Besides making rum suddenly appear in your glass, I got one other.

He takes an involuntary peer down her low top.

TED

Now I'm titillated. Show and tell me more.

JESSICA

(leans closer, nearly  
whispering)

Here's my other talent. If my timing's correct, you're gonna hear those guys in the back start playing pool.

TED

There's nobody back --

The CLANKS OF POOL BALLS scrambling for position and a THUMP of a ball hitting it's pocket while the T.V. drones on.

Ted takes a tentative drink and the bartender immediately fills it again.

JESSICA

Can I freshen that?

TED

(uneasy but still flirty)  
I would have come up with some clever remark about my liver and brain cells, but I feel like I already have. Feel free to keep 'em coming, but I got a feeling you knew I'd say that.

She lets out a polite little giggle as he downs the drink.

Already with the bottle ready, she refills the glass.

JESSICA

And I've got a feeling you're trying to kill more than just brain cells.

TED

And I got a feeling, you're trying make me kill that bottle.

He glazes, takes a hardcore shot and slams the glass on the bar.

TED (CONT'D)

Whatever nefarious plan of world domination you've got concocted in that pretty little mind, is working.

JESSICA

You're funny with a violent streak.

TED

I like that.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I like that.

She pours again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm impressed. Here's another trick.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

The smoky haze we see out there is from the raging fires in Northern Siberia...

TED

(puzzled)

Are you talking about the muck in the air cuz I think it's --

T.V. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(in background)

The smoky haze we see out there is from the raging fires in Northern Siberia that stretch just short of the eastern coastline.

She turns the set off.

BARTENDER

I needed to ease you into this.

TED

Ease me into what?

BARTENDER

You didn't handle it well the first time.

TED

That was a nice trick there. Could you turn on the --

BARTENDER

No. Because tonight, you're coming home with me completely oblivious to what's going on out there.

TED

I like the women of the twenty first century.

BARTENDER

Wrong.

TED

Oh?

JESSICA

I was born in the twentieth century.

TED

Good, cuz I wasn't lookin' for jailbait strange, at least tonight.

BARTENDER

Don't be disappointed, but I'm only doing this to keep my eye on you.

TED

Okay, as long as we end up naked but what about, I didn't handle it well the first time?

BARTENDER

Right now, you're starting to feel a little typsy and loose.

TED

Not surprising. Rum makes me that way.

BARTENDER

Good, then when you were here the first time, something on the television made you extremely upset.

TED

Lakers lose again? I can handle that.

BARTENDER

When you went home, you used, with what could only be described as a, ray gun, and killed yourself.

TED

You got my typsy attention.

She turns on the T.V.

END TEASER



ACT I

INT. FURBURGER'S BAR

An overturned shot glass rolls in front of Ted as he gapes at the

TELEVISION

Where it shows a burning city and surrounding land belching dark smoke into the air.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The spread was said to be so rapid, Russian investigators believe it was caused by an aircraft spraying a flammable substance, possibly an advanced form of napalm, on the countryside.

JESSICA

Measures Ted, leans forward.

JESSICA

Why did this make you feel suicidal?

TED

I'm not and never was. Who are you?

JESSICA

A concerned bartender --

TED

Who talks like she's been through this already.

JESSICA

I'm a little psychic.

TED

(nod at the T.V.)

I know who's responsible... So you know anything about that, fire?

JESSICA

I said I was, a little psychic.

TED

I heard you the first --

JESSICA

Maybe you're psychic and only thought I said it before.

TED

You're flirting with me.

JESSICA

You're old, but how do humans say it? I have, daddy issues, so maybe I am.

TED

What about the news report?

JESSICA

They say it's terrorists with mega napalm.

TED

I knew you were flirting with me.

JESSICA

Flirting's over.

She skids over the bar, takes his hand and leads him toward the door.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Let's go to your place, instead.

TED

Banner's not gonna like this.

JESSICA

You wanna see Banner naked, or me?

He tosses her his keys.

TED

You're driving.

INT. TED'S ENTRYWAY

The door bolts open. Jessica and Ted thrust in, locked in destructive passion. Ted has a large manila envelope pressed against her back.

They battle for position, alternately pinning each other against a wall, knocking a picture or three to the floor, bounce to a table, overturning it knocking a potted plant to the floor.

JESSICA  
Sorry about the plant.

TED  
It's fake.

JESSICA  
It's dead.

TED  
(looks down)  
Maybe it wasn't fake.

They lock again. The envelope drops to the floor as they crash down on the sofa with a LAUGH, with Jessica in complete control.

JESSICA  
Do you mind if I make a little request?

TED  
I don't need the blue pill.

JESSICA  
No. You're a little on the ripe side. Could you maybe jump in the shower before we --

TED  
(sniffs, jerks back)  
I see what you mean.

Ted he jumps up and heads for the bathroom.

JESSICA  
You're a gentleman and a scholar.

TED  
Try not to change your mind while I'm gone.

JESSICA  
In order to keep focused, I'll start without you. I'm sure you'll figure out where to join up.

Ted, wide-eyed, dashes to the bathroom.

JESSICA

Reclines on the sofa with a focused expression, then looks to the

FLOOR

Where the envelope lays. Her hand moves cautiously there, picks it up, peers in, pulls out a couple

PICTURES

Of a Klingon bird of prey blasting that poor city into submission, then flying off.

JESSICA

Stuffs it all back in the envelope and slips it into her purse.

Her eyes dart to the

COFFEE TABLE

Where the tablet sits.

JESSICA

Takes a inquiring gaze toward the bathroom door, and turns on the

LAPTOP

pages through plans for holodecks, holo emitter placement, then opens a file with plans for the U.S.S. Krakatoa, a new starship complete with 24th century modifications. She flips through several pages of drawings, cross sections, and spec sheets.

JESSICA

casts a smirk as she closes it and slides the tablet into her purse, then slithers out the door.

TED (O.S.)

You can always come in a make sure  
all the important parts are  
decontaminated.

No reply as the door LATCHES SHUT. The CLICK of the shower door opening is heard.

INT. HALLWAY

Ted pokes his head out the bathroom door.

TED

Jessica? Bartender, I'll have a  
slippery nipple and make it dirty.

No reply.

TED (CONT'D)

I know a lot of drinks with dirtier names.

EXT. BATHROOM DOOR

Ted opens it and carefully peers out, then he tenses, readies himself for the worst.

TED

Jessica. I can't seem to remember if it's lather, rinse, lather or rinse, lather, rinse, or repeat.

He comes out, wearing a towel and a defensive posture. He looks to a

BAT

Leaning nearby and grabs it.

TED

Packs it on the ready to the

LIVING ROOM

Where he makes an offensive lunge into the room only to be surprised by a

MAN

Sitting on the couch. BORAN is extremely plain, all black suit body suit, 30's, rather puny.

TED

Raises his bat.

TED (CONT'D)

This is really disappointing so start talking.

BORAN

I will, but...  
(stresses)  
You're towel is --

TED

Where is she and who are you?  
Don't tell me. You're her pimp.

BORAN

First you tell me to tell you then  
you tell me not to.

(confused)

What's a pimp?

TED

A type of dating service. You're  
in my house. I ask the questions.

BORAN

I'm Boran. Could you get  
your clothes --

TED (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

BORAN

We both have a huge problem.

Ted raises up, puzzled as his

TOWEL

Hits the floor.

BORAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ah! No!

INT. ENTERPRISE BRIDGE

Dark with a single dim light coming from an open door.  
Courtney comes to the threshold and stops. Holds her hand  
out, then releases an object that drops forward and lands  
with a metallic THUNK.

COURTNEY

This is crazy shit. Is there  
anybody here! Somebody!

COMPUTER (V.O.)

There are no other life forms on  
board. People, ants, cockroaches?  
Maybe a rat.

She jerks back.

COURTNEY

Who the hell is that?

She grabs a

MODEL ENTERPRISE

From a table

And appears back at the

DOOR

She wields the model as intimidating as it could be.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

I know how to use this.

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

You don't need to do that. I mean  
you no harm.

COURTNEY

Where are you?

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I noticed you possess genomes that  
are similar to ones recorded in the  
computer's memory. That's why I  
rescued you.

COURTNEY

Not exactly my question... rescued?

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes.

From the darkness a

LITTLE GIRL

Blonde, 6, with a dimple in her chin and bright blue eyes,  
moves into the light.

LITTLE GIRL

I have been your caretaker.

COURTNEY

You're the one leaving food at my  
door. Where am I?!

LITTLE GIRL

The same place I have resided for  
four hundred years.

COURTNEY

(stymied)

You look five, years.

LITTLE GIRL

Six and a half.

COURTNEY

How can you be that if you --

LITTLE GIRL

It was an approximation. All I have to go by is how advanced your computer system is and the style of your clothing. The exact moment of my creation cannot be dated accurately.

COURTNEY

Your creation?

LITTLE GIRL

Now that we have met, I hope we can be, friends.

COURTNEY

I want out'ta here. Are you fuckin' with me?

LITTLE GIRL

I assure you, I'm as much a prisoner as you are.

Courtney takes a step out of the room and suddenly loses her footing. The little girl pushes her back in the room.

COURTNEY

Hey!

LITTLE GIRL

You can't do that!

COURTNEY

What's going on out there? I'm not staying in this room any longer!

LITTLE GIRL

You don't understand! Didn't you see that statue you dropped?

COURTNEY

That was weird. It shot out there like --

LITTLE GIRL

(points to main screen)  
That is down.

THE FRAME

Turns 90 degrees with the two girls as Courtney drops a pen down to the screen, then cringes.



THE LITTLE GIRL

It simply obeyed your laws of gravity.

COURTNEY

This is wacked. Now I'm getting pissed!

LITTLE GIRL

Artificial gravity is not activated on the bridge. Only in your room.

COURTNEY

I don't see any bridges and artificial gravi --

LITTLE GIRL

That's why you can stand like this even though you're facing downward.

COURTNEY

You are one precocious little brat.

LITTLE GIRL

It's a lot to take in at once. You can go anywhere you'd like. You would only get so far because you would die of hypothermia or a nasty fall. Life support is only activated --

COURTNEY

What's all this artificial gravity life support crap!?

LITTLE GIRL

Enough questions. What would you like for supper?

COURTNEY

(bratty)

A quarter pounder with cheese, no pickle and large fry and let's see if you can pull this trick... a Dilly Bar.

LITTLE GIRL

I don't suppose you'll tell me what a Dilly Bar is?

COURTNEY

You're on your own, kid.

LITTLE GIRL

A challenge. I like that. Five minutes.

She turns and walks into the darkness.

COURTNEY

Hey. Don't leave.

She takes a step to the doorway, involuntarily leans forward, then jerks back, nearly going to the ground.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Damn! What the hell keeps pulling me?!

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

They call it gravity.

The little girl GIGGLES.

INT. READY ROOM

Courtney, a little dazzled and angry, plops onto the bed with a trepidacious expression.

COURTNEY

Brat!

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. TED'S LIVING ROOM

The man on the couch seems totally at ease in spite of Ted's raised bat.

TED

You don't know what a pimp is?

BORAN

Why do you dwell on this?

TED

Because there's a strange guy on my couch where I was with a cute, young brunette just a few minutes ago. You're not her are you?!

BORAN

Where is she?

TED

I don't know. I thought she was one of your girls.

BORAN

One of my -- What did she look like?

TED

(holds hand eye height)  
Brunette, this high, really expensive push up bra, blue denim vest and short shorts that made her ass cheeks look like the gates the heaven.

BORAN

I understood absolutely nothing of what you just said.

TED

Long, dark hair, frosty blue eyes, dimple in her chin, no distinguishing markings.

BORAN

(aggravated)  
I'm too late!

He stands and heads for the door.

TED

For what?

BORAN

(stressed)

We might be able to fix this. This timeline's quickly being contaminated too.

TED

What timeline?

BORAN

Your society hasn't reached a level where they'd fully understand, let alone believe who and what I am.

TED

I'm not a friggin' liberal. Bring it on.

BORAN

I'm fully aware of your exploits but it would risk further contamination of --

TED

My timeline!

Ted shoves the man against a wall with the bat.

BORAN

I'm trying not to make things more difficult --

TED

Things just got difficult for you. What's the big problem you were talking about?

BORAN

Okay. Okay. I was one of the team who put that briefcase together.

TED

That was twenty one years ago. You can't be much older than that.

BORAN

Chronologically speaking, I haven't been born yet.

He desperately pulls his hands away from Ted's undercarriage.

TED

Do not fuck with me.

BORAN

(nervously, a little  
sickened)

Trying not to, but in our society,  
sex with females is only used for  
procreation, so don't be offended,  
but you're not my type.

TED

(slowly disgusted)

Where you from, San Fransisco?

BORAN

Let me go, please, this isn't  
entirely comfortable for  
dialoguing.

Ted relents, drops him to the ground, but doesn't retreat.

TED

You were Amos's deep throat?

BORAN

I don't know what that is, but I, I  
need to show you something. After,  
you answer your phone.

TED

I'm gonna --

His phone rings.

BORAN

She's found a submarine you should  
go see.

TED

Not you too!  
(checks phone)  
Gotta take this.

He backs off and raises the phone as Boran straightens his  
clothing.

TED (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Tammy?

TAMMY (V.O.)

Ted. I don't know why I'm calling  
you.

INT. TAMMY'S MAP ROOM - INTERCUT

Tammy's sitting in front of the computer.

TAMMY

It's probably not going to change your mind, but I think I know how we can get a deepwater submersible.

TED (V.O.)

You're right. It's not.

BORAN

Taps Ted on the shoulder.

BORAN

I wouldn't be too hasty. You're gonna need that sub.

TED

How do you know --

TAMMY

Who's with you? Another trollop followed you home from the bar?

TED

It's a guy.

TAMMY

So many lines about closets going through my head right now. Good for you.

TED

Looks at himself, still in all his gross glory and picks up the towel to cover.

TED

(into phone)  
I'll call ya back.

He hangs up.

BORAN

You're only going to get one chance at this.

TED

At what?

BORAN

To correct your timeline.

TED

I've got a lunatic in my house!

BORAN

Oh, they told me this was gonna happen.

TED

Who they? You're not one of Malone's crew. I can tell he hates me, so I'm expecting a big --

BORAN

(pleading)

I've said too much. Don't kill me. I just started this. I'm a tech not a field agent.

TED

You C-I-A?

BORAN

Is that some kind of code?

TED

No, are you C-I-A, F-B-I, D-E-A?

BORAN

Lets see. R-U-C-I-A-F-B-I-D-E-A. I know!

TED

What are you doing?

BORAN

No, I'm definitely not a Ruciafbidean. They look much different than humanoids. For one thing, I don't have a tail. Thought you could get that one past me. Did I pass the test?

TED

What test?

BORAN

I really need to get on my way. My people limit my stay here...

(checks a small component)

Oh, eleven seconds. I'll stay in touch.

TED

What? Now I'm getting really  
pissed!

BORAN

(very fast)

If I hadn't come along, you'd have  
dropped your phone in the toilet  
and --

He phases out into thin air.

TED

(puzzled)

Huh?

Ted looks around.

TED (CONT'D)

That lets the F-B-I out.

His phone rings.

TED (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah.... I thought you were dead...

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SUNSET - INTERCUT

Jimmy shivers in an old phone booth.

JIMMY

I don't have time to explain. Did  
you get my envelope?

TED

What envelope?

JIMMY

Big yellow manila.

TED

I had it in my hand, then I got  
kind'a busy and it disappeared.

JIMMY

I sent it to you in case I don't  
make it out'ta here. It was  
documentation concerning that big  
bird ship and proof my commanding  
officer is up to no -- ugh. Who is  
she?



TED

My last bartender, ever. I think she swiped it.

JIMMY

Ah, man. You got'ta get it back or we're going to have a big problem.

TED

Why does everyone tell me that? What am I missing?

JIMMY

It's bad enough to ask you if you can build another Enterprise.

TED

The software won't allow another Enterprise to be generated.

JIMMY

How 'bout other ships.

TED

It'll allow me to design a new one.

JIMMY

How long will that take?

TED

A year.

JIMMY

I've been walking in the woods for the last two days in snow up to my knees so I'm tired and beat up and freezing my ass off so that so I'm not in the mood for disappointment.

TED

It's June. Where are you?

JIMMY

Alaska.

TED

Sounds like you're having a tough time.

JIMMY

Sorry, man. I was in a plane crash.

TED

Up in the mountains?

JIMMY

Plane I was in lost power and went down short of Fairbanks on Denali.

TED

Holy shit. You okay?

JIMMY

I'm good. Pilot's dead, but this is more important. A guy called me from --

A SERIES OF CLICKS in the phone.

TED

That's just a hard landing then.

He jiggles the phone and hammers it on a table.

TED (CONT'D)

You still there?

JIMMY

What was that?

TED

I don't know. What?

JIMMY

Holy shit.

JIMMY

Stands wide-eyed in the

BOOTH

the booth is covered in snow, leaves on the trees are gone, and a girl in a Parka rides by on a horse.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. KLINGON BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Commander works on his chair's console when his TACTICAL OFFICER approaches.

TACTICAL OFFICER  
Commander. I was working on the  
scanners and found a minute  
temporal anomaly.

BARAK SUL  
It is probably a malfunction.

TACTICAL OFFICER  
It is close enough we can --

BARAK SUL  
How close?

TACTICAL OFFICER  
Six hundred kilometers. It's a  
micro anomaly.

BARAK SUL  
Like one a time traveller would  
create?

TACTICAL OFFICER  
It is large enough.

BARAK SUL  
(hits communication button  
on console)  
Status of thrusters.

ENGINEER DRONE (V.O.)  
(monotone)  
Seven point five three hours until  
completion.

BARAK SUL  
Doctor Korbut.

KORBUT (V.O.)  
Da.

BARAK SUL  
Status of Dilithium crystal  
Reconstitution.

KORBUT (V.O.)

At this rate, it will take six weeks before it is sufficient to achieve warp capability.

BARAK SUL

How long before we can go back to atmospheric maneuvers?

KORBUT (V.O.)

Ten days. I must make repairs from our last maneuvers. Using the phasers on that settlement burned out several relays but we do have the ability to surface and maintain life support.

BARAK SUL

(pragmatic)

I've done all I can do.

TACTICAL OFFICER

Then let me go there myself.

BARAK SUL

Tumek, we need you here. Send three of twenty two. He will not upset the humans. You will be too much for them to comprehend.

3 of 22, a zombie science geek, leaves his post on the bridge and comes alongside Barak Sul.

3 OF 22

Yes, sir.

BARAK SUL

They have not seen us before. We do not want them upset, yet.

3 OF 22

I will take care of it.

He clomps off as Sul leans forward.

BARAK SUL

Surface!

He jumps to the con.

BARAK SUL (CONT'D)

When we surface, open the hatch.

EXT. ICE SHEET - NIGHT

The desolate scape suddenly starts to crack and steam.

It bulges then a CRACK and the Klingon ship breaks through the ice.

TUMEK

pops out of a hatch, slides down the side, onto a sheet of ice, slides down that, hits another ice sheet, then, mindlessly, runs.

INT. KLINGON BRIDGE

Tumek scans.

TUMEK

Sir, eleven of twenty three is on the way.

BARAK SUL

Do we have scanners active?

TUMEK

Yes.

BARAK SUL

Scan for our objectives.

TUMEK

Until we gain elevation, it will be difficult to --

BARAK SUL

I know that! But I just sense, he is close.

KLINGON WARRIOR 1

If we do kill Kirk, what then? We have no connection with the collective. We'll have no orders.

BARAK SUL

We do not need orders. The drones we assimilate, will be our army. By assimilating Bundy and Malone into our collective, we will attain the what we need to create our own empire here, then, we take Kronos.

TUMEK

Sir. We are Borg.

BARAK SUL  
(stand in defiance)  
We are Klingon! Do we not have the  
knowledge of the collective?

TUMEK  
We have only what our limited  
capacity can retain. The nanoprobes  
do not allow us to retain knowledge  
as we did.

BARAK SUL  
Then we must alter the probes.  
Have our drones work on it, now!

TUMEK  
Yes, sir!

BARAK SUL  
(sits)  
We need to capture a cube, but  
first, find and capture Enterprise.  
Begin scan! Find Kirk!

EXT. ALASKAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A small town lies at the base of Denali in the setting sun.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

The sun glistens off the old, glass booth.

JIMMY  
Ted, please tell me it's winter at  
your house... Ted?

He slams the phone down and emerges from the booth, shivers  
as a clump of snow from the roof hits him. He zips up his  
grimy, bloodstained jacket.

He takes a few steps down the road and stops.

His eyes glaze as he reads a

SIGN

WELCOME TO NORTH POLE.

JIMMY

Stares in disbelief.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Maybe Santa can charge my cell  
phone.

The girl on the horse comes back. She guides her horse  
around him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I'll bet she's got a phone.

INT. TED'S LIVING ROOM

Ted sits on the couch. Dials.

TED  
Hi. I need the location of a call  
I got... nine, zero, seven, five,  
five five four, one nine six.

He waits a bit, fiddles with a cushion and finds an  
EARRING POST

He picks it up.

TED

Examines it.

TED (CONT'D)  
Yes... North Pole? Santa called  
me? That's a town? You don't have  
to get nasty. Say, can I get a  
number of a local lab that does D-N-  
A testing?

He scoops up a pen, hunts paper to no avail.

TED (CONT'D)  
(writing on hand)  
Yeah... yeah... thanks, oh, what's  
that star number thing that you can  
call back the dude who called... no  
shit. You're fooling with me...  
Hello?

He ponders, then dials.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Now sunny and surrounded by the signs of spring, the PHONE  
RINGS merrily away in the empty booth.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

INT. TED'S ENTRYWAY - DAY

Ted drags toward the door, holding a pan of eggs in one hand, the phone in the other, wearing nothing but boxers and a tee shirt.

TED  
Okay, cool your --

Ted opens the door and stops cold as a humble

TAMMY

Stands with a Tupperware container filled with cookies.

She holds them out to him.

TAMMY  
Here. I'm not good at peace offerings so accept this and hear me out.

TED  
Cookies and eggs. We can make this work.

TAMMY  
Not while you're in your underwear.

TED  
I could be naked.

TAMMY  
My phaser is set on castrate.

TED  
Be that way. I've only worn these for a few days so they're almost perfectly clean.

TAMMY  
I'm coming in but you're staying away from me.

She ventures in, past Ted and toward the kitchen.

TED  
Enter my castle. I'm eternally grateful for this token of good will.

He slams the door just as Boran appears on the doorway. Ted wheels around the wall and into the



## KITCHEN

Where Tammy pours herself a big mug of coffee.

TAMMY

You're lousy at obligatory thanks,  
but I forgive you and will make you  
an offer you cannot refuse.

He dips a cookie in his basically under cooked, drippy  
scrambled eggs.

TED

(hold up an Oreo)  
Oreos? Really?

TAMMY

I don't bake.

TED

Hell, you had me at the cookies  
anyway.

He takes a bite to Tammy's chagrin.

TAMMY

Those eggs aren't done.

TED

I'm hungry. What do I need to hear  
you out about?

TAMMY

Ugh. Last night I came across a  
little guy who claimed to be --

TED

The guy who made it possible for  
Amos to get hold of --

TAMMY

The briefcase with the Enterprise  
technical data. He was here?

TED

Yup. He got scared and ran away.

TAMMY

You have that effect on people.  
Usually they hit you first, but  
basically --

TED

So he knows about us.

TAMMY

Apparently so. Ted, we're in trouble.

TED

Why does everyone keep telling me that?

TAMMY

Boran presented a plausible argument.

TED

That he's nuts?

TAMMY

That he's a time traveller.

TED

Yeah, that's what I hear. Do we believe him?

TAMMY

Didn't I just say so?

TED

You tell me.

TAMMY

Do you know his location?

EXT. TED'S HOUSE

Boran sits on the porch step, bored.

TED (V.O.)

It's not like I'm hiding him on my porch or anything.

END ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. RANCH DRIVEWAY - DAY

The silence of the snowy darkness is disturbed by the CLOMPING of horse hooves and passes by with two riders. They steer into the driveway and up the long snow covered path to a

LARGE RANCH STYLE HOUSE

At the base of a snowy hill. A big white

HORSE BARN

Sits above the house waiting for

THE RIDERS

As they trot up to the door.

Jimmy hops off painfully grasping his inner legs.

JIMMY

Wow.

The girl on the horse slides off the big Buckskin.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Thanks for the ride.

GIRL

(still back forward)

You look like you needed one.

She turns to him. It's

JESSICA

Smirking as she looks him up and down.

JESSICA

And it looks like you need a shower and clean clothes. Are you bleeding?

JIMMY

Not mine. I was in a plane crash a couple days ago and my pilot --

JESSICA

Go down to the house and find a shower. I'm the only one here so don't be a bad guy.

JIMMY

I'm not bad in that way. Can I use your phone? Mine's dead and I need to call in the crash.

JESSICA

I'll do that. Clean yourself up and tend to your damage.

JIMMY

Yes, ma'am.

Jimmy turns toward the house.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You don't know where we crashed.

JESSICA

(points up the mountain)  
Two days walk up there.

JIMMY

Close enough.

He turns back to the house, uneasy.

INT. ENTERPRISE (COURTNEY'S ROOM) - DAY

She finishes off a burger, completely satisfied, wads up the wrapper and looks it over.

COURTNEY

Why the wrapper?

She eyes the door.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)

Why not?

She fires a bullet at the door. As it makes the customary drop toward the floor, it makes a drastic break toward the opening, like it was sucked through the door, into and through the

BRIDGE

Where it falls gently onto the view screen.

COURTNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

So cool.

COURTNEY

brews a moment, popping in the last of the fries.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
Hey, caretaker brat.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
Yes. Was your meal to your  
satisfaction?

COURTNEY  
How did you get the wrappers?

LITTLE GIRL  
Would you like me to recite the  
replicator process from the  
Starfleet manual?

COURTNEY  
No. Come in here.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
I cannot. There are no holo  
emitters in the captain's ready  
room but I am working to correct  
that.

COURTNEY  
You're not a hologram.

LITTLE GIRL  
Am too.

COURTNEY  
(annoyed)  
Brat.

She jumps off the bed and tosses the wrapper at the door.  
Same results.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
I'll come to you.

She trots to the door, met by

THE LITTLE GIRL

Sternly holding the wrapper.

LITTLE GIRL  
The bridge is not your trash can  
young lady.

COURTNEY  
Okay! Geez!

LITTLE GIRL

Now is there anything you need?

COURTNEY

I need a hundred feet of rope and I suppose, something warm to wear.

LITTLE GIRL

Venturing off?

COURTNEY

I'm an explorer and this confinement is antithetical to my entire being.

LITTLE GIRL

You're turning into your mother with that vocabulary and attitude. Thought you might say that.

COURTNEY

How do you know my mother?

LITTLE GIRL

How do I know your D-N-A?

BRIDGE

COURTNEY (O.S.)

Cuz your a brat?

She walks to a rope and jacket draped over a console, picks it up and takes to Courtney.

COURTNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You got any munchies in your warehouse?

LITTLE GIRL

You can have pretty much anything you like.

COURTNEY

How 'bout some of those grape red vine thingies?

LITTLE GIRL

When you come out here and survive, you'll be able to get them yourself.

COURTNEY

Sweet.

LITTLE GIRL

Ha. That was a good joke.

COURTNEY

I wasn't telling a, nevermind. How do you propose I get out of here?

LITTLE GIRL

Tie one end to a stationary piece of furniture and give me the other end.

COURTNEY

Ties the end to the bed.

COURTNEY

Is this gonna be dangerous?

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

I've been yanking your chain. With the rope, it should be a piece of cake.

COURTNEY

That would taste good right now.

LITTLE GIRL

(at the door)

I'll show you how to use the replicators, should you survive.

COURTNEY

Ha. Hologram chain yanking.

LITTLE GIRL

I was being serious. Along the way, there are five hundred foot drops down sheer walls, but, on the positive side, your death would be quick.

COURTNEY

I'm getting a little annoyed with this give with one hand take with the other attitude you got.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm sorry. Just being transparent.

She starts to fade.

COURTNEY

Hey! Cut that out!

She comes back.

LITTLE GIRL  
That was funny. Convinced of the  
hologram thing?

COURTNEY  
I'm goin' nuts.

LITTLE GIRL  
Ready?

Courtney throws on the jacket, inspects in a mirror.

COURTNEY  
Getting there. Little out'ta style  
but warm.

LITTLE GIRL  
I do not know what the date is so I  
may be a little off in the style of  
clothing --

COURTNEY  
Twenty seventeen.

LITTLE GIRL  
Oh. Off by thirty years. My  
favorite decade for ski wear. I  
figured it would stand the test of  
time.

COURTNEY  
It's okay. Ready.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
Lay flat against the wall.

COURTNEY  
Okay. Why?

She migrates to a wall without the door.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Smiles slyly.

LITTLE GIRL  
Computer, deactivate artificial  
gravity.

A BIG PLOP as everything not nailed down hits the wall.



COURTNEY  
(pained)  
Aw, shit!

LITTLE GIRL  
Are you damaged?

COURTNEY  
What happened!

LITTLE GIRL  
I deactivated the gravity in your  
room to make a better transition to  
this environment.

COURTNEY

Lays on a cabinet.

COURTNEY  
I fell on the wall!

THE LITTLE GIRL

smiles.

LITTLE GIRL  
(giggles)  
Oops.

A head appears over the door jam.

COURTNEY  
You did this on purpose.

LITTLE GIRL  
(evil smile)  
Uh, uh.

COURTNEY  
I never had a sister, but I have a  
feeling this is what it's like.

LITTLE GIRL  
I had eleven.

COURTNEY  
You are deranged, now get me out'ta  
here.

END ACT IV

ACT V

INT. TED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness except for a light on the wall cast by an outside source.

A shadow appears to walk past.

TED

Lays across the bed, wearing a long, candy-striped nightshirt.

He opens his eyes, groggily checks the clock, then tenses up. Eyes wide open, he bolts up to find

BORAN

Sitting in a chair.

Ted squints and flips on a light.

TED

You again.

BORAN

I wouldn't do this if we didn't have a bigger problem than we did before.

TED

Get out.

BORAN

You don't have that bat anywhere?

TED

I can find it. Get out.

BORAN

You need to listen to me. Your friend --

TED

I don't have any friends. Get out.

BORAN

Jimmy Kirk.

TED

I thought he was dead till he called me last night. What he do?

BORAN

A focused micro temporal rift swept him six months into the future.

TED

Why the hell did I have to ask?!  
My fault. Damn!

BORAN

I assure you, we had nothing to do with this, but I have a feeling I know who did, but your assistance is required. He is in grave danger.

TED

Before we go any further, farther, whatever, I need information, now.

BORAN

Farther designates a physical distance --

TED

Shut up and get out.

BORAN

Oh, for transparency, I must inform you... In order to adhere to the temporal prime directive I need to redact your memory of this and all events pertaining to this case... when we're done here... for security purposes... to prevent change to the time --

TED

Who the hell are you, some government freak?!

BORAN

I'm Boran, but you know that already, I'm with a branch of the Federation called the Temporal Integrity Agency.

TED

You are some government freak.

BORAN

No I'm from the twenty-ninth century.

(MORE)

BORAN (CONT'D)

It's my job to apprehend the rogue time travellers and repair the damage done or this timeline will become unstable and implode.

TED

So it's even against the law to jump around willy nilly, in time?

BORAN

There are educational exceptions, but, that's not why I'm here. She has a more nefarious intent than will nilly.

TED

She?

BORAN

Jessica.

TED

Who?

BORAN

You met her last night in the bar.

TED

I didn't meet any Jessica in --

BORAN

Her spieces can only be contained in memory for two hours before it fades away.

TED

What's her crime?

BORAN

In my century, the Borg have developed hybrid drones. Stronger, smarter, not dependent on the collective at all. Their independence makes them far more formidable and allows them to infiltrate the more, challenging societies in order to assimilate them. Jessica is one of those drones and possesses that forgetting attribute. This is distressing.

TED

Time travelling single white female forgettable Borg. What's not to love?

BORAN

She is here to begin the assimilation process of Earth.

TED

Okay, fine. How are you gonna redact --

BORAN

I need to erase some things but it doesn't hurt.

TED

Like that Men in Black thing?

BORAN

No. It's just a spray, but that's later. We must first attend to --

TED

You're not spraying me with anything.

BORAN

You got no choice. Back to the subject. As you know, Jimmy Kirk is has been swept six months ahead in time and we're fairly certain, Jessica has an assignment to kill him.

TED

Why don't you just go?

BORAN

I can't. Opening two rifts in the same proximity can be destructive to the planet. It's a risk I am here, but a necessary one.

TED

(points to himself,  
disgusted)  
So you're sending --

BORAN

Precisely. I have an implant that protects me from the genetic damage caused by time travel, but you don't.

TED

I don't want my genes getting all munched up!

BORAN

Only if you jump time three or more times in your lifetime. What I will do, is send you to where Jimmy Kirk is and leave you there permanently. You'll only lose six months. You could say you took a trip around the world to find yourself, mid-life crisis, all that stuff, then, you need to find your spacecraft and either get it functional or destroy it.

TED

My strippers will miss me. I'm putting their kids through karate lessons.

BORAN

How generous. I knew you were the right choice.

TED

Get out.

BORAN

You are our only hope.

TED

Get out.

BORAN

The good of the many --

TED

I knew that'd come back and bite me in the ass! Shit!

BORAN

So you'll do it.

TED

Get out.

BORAN

Good. One more thing... I've got a twenty-four hour shift, so you got room on your couch?

Ted shrugs, leans back on the bed and covers his head with a pillow.

EXT. ALASKA PHONE BOOTH - DAY

A bed sits between the booth and the nearby road.

A log truck ROARS by, mussing the blankets with a windstorm.

The man under the covers stirs, raises up, scans the terrain, then covers his head as a police car pulls up. It hits a quick SCREAM on the SIREN, driving Ted out of the bed and onto the snowy ground, in his candystripe glory, shivering.

TED

If you're not the solution your the, where the hell?! It's freezing!

The COP, 40's, a big, surly eskimo, approaches.

COP

I couldn't begin to surmise who did this to you, but it's pretty good. How did you not freeze to death last night?

TED

(still in blankets)  
I know who did this.

COP

Tough night?

Ted drags covers around him.

TED

(gingerly moving his feet)  
You might say that, ow.

He cringes, grabs his feet in pain and sits.

COP

Wow, I'd dump you out here too with that outfit.

TED

I really don't need a critique on sleepwear. What time is it?

COP  
Seven thirty.

TED  
Where's the sun?

COP  
You gotta get this stuff out of  
here or I'll cite you for  
littering.

TED  
What am I supposed to do, toss it  
on my back?

COP  
Have somebody come get you.

TED  
I don't live here.

COP  
I already know how this is going to  
end, but, I need to see some I-D.

TED  
Where am I going to carry --

He looks on the ground and sees a

WALLET

Stuck in the sheets.

TED (CONT'D)  
(picks it up)  
Sure, here's where I carry it.

He rustles through it and hand over his license.

COP  
(reads the license)  
Is this current?

TED  
As of last night, yes. At least it  
was warm.

COP  
It's November. November is cold.

TED  
That bastard did it, anyway!



COP

Who?

TED

The joker I'm gonna kill, or, punch  
a couple dozen times.

COP

It's not worth it. You guy's will  
laugh this off, in time.

He hands the license back.

TED

I'm looking for a guy named Jimmy  
Kirk.

COP

The Star Trek dude?

TED

Not one you're talking about. He  
made a call from this phone booth  
last night.

The cop looks to the booth.

COP

Nobody calls from this thing. The  
receiver's miss --

He sees the

RECEIVER

In its cradle, hooked up.

COP (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, they finally hooked it back  
up. Somebody ripped it off six  
months ago.

THE BOYS

Gaze at the booth.

TED

Okay, so where's the nearest house?

COP

The old McClintock Ranch. A mile  
down there and up the hill.

TED

I hate up. It means I gotta climb.

The cop swings his leg into the car.

COP

Get the bed out'ta here.

TED

(perturbed)

I'll come back for it, geez.

COP

You got an hour.

TED

It'll get done!

(low)

In some other timeline.

COP

Get in. I'll take ya up there.

He tosses the blankets on the bed and jumps in the back of the car.

END ACT V

ACT VI

INT. KLINGON BRIDGE

The commander works on a console.

A COUPLE BEEPS.

BARAK SUL

Proceed!

JESSICA (V.O.)

I have Kirk.

BARAK SUL

(aroused)

Is he dead?

JESSICA

Watches Jimmy come out of the bathroom in a white robe.

JESSICA

What use could you have for him  
more important than our mission?

BARAK SUL

Only to be the warrior to strikes  
him down! His death will end the  
line of Kirk and complete our  
assignment.

JESSICA

(forceful)

I will do what is necessary!

She smiles slyly.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Did you get in touch with the cops?

JESSICA

Yes. They're calling the F-A-A.

JIMMY

I'll go down there as soon as I  
take a nap.

JESSICA

Help yourself to anything in the  
kitchen.

JIMMY

You read my mind.

He thoroughly scans the route as he pads his way to the  
KITCHEN

He comes across a

PICTURE

of an Asian family sitting on a knick-knack shelf. None of  
them look similar to Jessica.

JIMMY

Spots the

DOOR

Leading to the garage.

JESSICA (V.O.)  
Could you get me a glass of orange  
juice?

JIMMY

Jumps a bit.

JIMMY  
Sure.

He opens the fridge door, still distracted by the garage.

JESSICA

Grabs a letter opener off a desk.

JESSICA  
Where are you from?

JIMMY

Nears the garage door.

JIMMY  
Las Vegas.

He cautiously turns the knob.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
Really? Gamble much?

JIMMY  
Sometimes.

He opens the door.

WHAM!

It bolts open, knocking him back. A sudden flurry of BARKING AND GROWLS whiz past him and through the kitchen.

As the mad, GROWLING Rottweiler turns into the living room, a YIP and CRY.

Jimmy tenses.

END OF SHOW

I